RUNES OF LIFETIME

A Collection of Poems

Rupoma Bhattacharjee
(Myth Otis)

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Heartfelt thanks to:

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Sammilani Mahavidyalaya

Dr.Partha Mukherjee, professor .
St.Xavier's college

Smt. Soma Gupta

Sri Amrita Ranjan Goswami

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2026

Proofreading by:
Rupol Bhattacharjee

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Poet's Note

Rupoma Bhattacharjee
(Myth Otis)

Have you ever wanted to be a dashing Queen or a pretty Prince? Well Myth Otis did and being broke doesn't help. So this 20 year old broke college student woke up one day and decided to start writing what hides in her winding brain or so she hopes. This human here wants her readers to find their own life and adventure reflected through her poetries!

Plaything, Toy Soldier

He was my building block set. My plaything,
I owned it, my toy soldier.
Sat nights matching pieces Carving silhouettes.
My art, my blank canvas;
I drew on it, the prettiest of pictures. My plaything.
I owned it, my toy soldier. No he won't grow up
My plaything, my toy soldier
I made him. He is none of yours!
My plaything, my toy soldier Don't take him.
You evil mistress!
My plaything, my toy soldier.
Let me see him, my mold, don't touch!
My plaything, my toy soldier
I!
I own it, my toy soldier.

-Myth Otis

Bed of Grass

Silence loomed around me,
I could hear the grasses whisper.
They spoke about life small, fragile, important.
Breeze came ruffled their heads, patted their back,
They started dancing, humming the love received.
I walked out, sat among them listening and singing.
One stepped forward curling itself around me,
Slowly melting me into one of them.

-Myth Otis

Tip of the Iceberg

I sat there in the whiskey glass,
swimming among the rising bubbles.
A blurry pair of lips about to suck me in,
I swam in the opposite direction.
Stay afloat! My lung screamed, Give up!
My limbs whispered
I went by unnoticed, thrown back into the sink;
Hoped to be saved,
the grinning teeth picked me up by the toes.
Another pair of lips said-
I was the best part, the chill in the glass of whiskey.

-Myth Otis

Woes

In the windy tracts and meandering streets,
I found my heart in someone else's grip
All we knew were touches slow
The terracotta blooms and sober tunes
The air was crisp in the night not cold
My summer curses and halfway delight
I fly by the earth in rage and thirst
Swimming in the golden haze of bubbled glass
I cry till there's only salt left in the arid desert
My heart beat in rhythm of blues
Till your heart bleeds death

-Myth Otis

Summer

Today's sickness,
I'll name it summer
Sultry heat and heavy toes
Scorching breeze your hand holding mine
Etching your disgust on my porcelain shelves
My heart it sleeps in your stomach loud
Now I look out the window the globe is watery
A bright grey on the atlas face.
An assault of screaming smells,
never ceasing it's gaudy dance
Yesterday's tears were my own
Today's sickness I'll share with you.

-Myth Otis

Living

When the sun shines on your face,
buried deep in the box of lies
Life seems a little dark
Eating like a kraken sunken in your skin
the truth slumbers in dreams
Reality seems a little dull
Writing a poet lost howling in pain
fables dance in joy unbound
Smiling seems a little cruel
A cold sheath covers the frail bones
they sit on the epitaphs
Lying under the burden of days
Living seems a little tragic

-Myth Otis

9 o’clock

Stole all the time you had left
They were my best-my 9 o’clock
The kid in me is in awe Tell me about you.
Do you still dream?
Dream to be old-knowing-being known?
Mine died- petals dusted
I’m the raging storm you stood still
My sand castle crumbling, angry and seething.
How are you doing?
Do you smile, miss me?

-Myth Otis

New Heaven

You came in glimpses with tide
Washing up the shore shells reminding me of you
The sands of our memories slipping through my toes
Curling in my hand some lone weeds
Like the foaming water your laughter crowns
Ombre sun horizon calls
Breaking the horizon your painting lines
Gleaming in the moonlight the sailors sang
The misty morning blazing birds
New dawn rings up your footfall
Smiling through the chirping snails
We'll sail off to our workers den

-Myth Otis

Too Soon

I'll keep reaching for you
But you'll be gone by the time the sky turns blue.
Keep holding my hand real tight
I'll tell stories about you
Walk into your room of memories It's a little too soon
Each year you're gone will be a little soon
Riding on the bike for the first time
You were scared maybe a little more than me
Gift wrappers strewn all around in my room
My eyes will search for you
When your hand was a little heavy for my head to carry
And your laughter is what's missing in this crowded room
I'll visit you in your favorite corner of your room
Where I would look sitting alone And I'll see you soon
Forgetting all the visits that we missed
I'll meet you soon
And when people say I remind them of you
I'll feel just a little closer to you
One step of two

-Myth Otis.

April

April is the cruelest month, I'll know.
As the autumn hides in the nooks and crannies of my body,
And spring dances on the happiest graves—
The morning mist will lull the infant to sleep,
And the tired mom will doze off to her workdays.
April welcomes the dead summer with thunder and trinkets
of dry creek.
At the windows, the clothes dry too fast for my
neighbor's liking,
And the children, they dread their learning days.
April brings the start of the decay,
And my bones, they break.
-Myth Otis

A grave for butterflies

There laid, a body holier than any they'll see
Smiling at all, they hover around
Hiding the silver glimpse of it
It's a sin nobody has sight
Twisted veins crawl dance, a grave for butterflies
Honey hold us, we will worship your footfall
Erase the yearning, leaves fit together our entwined terror
Sit, sit beside me, drink in the silence, a poison of time
Swim with the memories, there's chaos untouched
Stood on the cliffside, an invigorating haze
Calling to the moon our hands bled.

-Myth Otis

Perfect Peace

When the bright darkness slowly cascades
down like the summer rain instead in white
Just a little glimmer of light left, the night about to rise.
When the lights are yet to switch themselves on
And the water boils in the kitchen waiting for the tea bags.
When the soft aroma of the crimson roses
fill the air of your room
There's a slight warmth from the almost exhausted
fire in the fireplace.
When the street is velvety smooth
with no one disturbing it's slumber-
The world breaths in all the love that's sitting in your soul
creating a soft harmony in your beating heart;

A perfect peace.

-Myth Otis

Dazzle

Sunshine slid through the crippled walls
Vibrant haze, reflected a child's laugh
A polished mirrorball on your disco floor
A shiny toy, I'll make everyone dance My edges,
a broken wooden scale Pierced through your careless caress
Drops of red and gold stood there like a gaping wound
Too busy in the dazzling dance
Your hands I dropped, a child at a fair
Too late, I realize a lost soldier
My edges now rust in your hidden room
Rains won't touch, my house dusty in the past.

-Myth Otis

Childhoods

It’s the way her hands rolled the dumplings
The slanted rays warming the days slow
A slight of hand and a few gone
I thought she wouldn’t know
But her cataract eyes and it’s dimming light
How would I escape her sight?
Glasses resting on the bridge of her nose
A whiff of smile a giggle not loud
They play by the nights of queens and knights
Over laden plate my tummy too small
She pulled me closer when my mum too strong
Fun games of childhood she misses
We play by our own world of books
Glistening hair and a toothless grin
She’s the granny I call my home.

-Myth Otis

Little Queen

He stood in front 9' tall
Me at 4, a giant to my petite self.
A God, dared I say,
Holding me close, a crime they say.
Papa, I call him shy- Little queen,
he says, I were his pride.
To hell with world, to hell with me.
Me at 5'2, a prim lady, fiery lips
He stood in front 63, hated and disgusted,
I despise him now.
He stood in front 6'tall,
A man, blue eyes, dreamy look.
Whispered I, papa, I'm your little queen.

-Myth Otis

Graveyard

Sometimes when I look outside the window,
I see a little boy playing with a doll, torn and battered.
I miss mine.
My son who never saw my face, hold my hands,
play with my worn out toys
The doctor says, I never had a son.
Then who did I hold that day if not my son?
I birthed him in a graveyard on a sad evening
when the roses wilted and people left.
And I sighed my husband's last words.

-Myth Otis

Go

It rained today after many months
that seemed like forever ago

Life felt a little easier, like a heavy curtain thick
with dust got pulled down and washed

Didn't know summer could make me sad,
sick to my head

Like the long lost lover with sanity
running down the stairs

Summer sat inside my heart waiting for a few drops of
liquor that might make him forget the pain

But does it help? Summer,
did it help?
Will you go,or will you mope?

-Myth Otis

Home

I sat at the middle of my bedroom
Books unevenly stacked on the bookcase
Its been long I've seen their faces.
My mother's eyes unaware, sits on the table
She is long walking down the memory street
There's nothing for her here anymore.
A bee lost its buzz, rushes about the curtains-
They play hide and seek with the soggy rice papers
on the window sill
I sit dreaming of a life- the life of a bee-
Lost its home, playing in someone else's;
Then I look at the strange woman in my house,
buzzing about the day
On the hills when she was happy.

-Myth Otis

Picture

The summer wind kept trying to paint your picture
But with each halt you faded from my window
The color of your eyes the dimples in your cheek
Faded with each gust and howl
Your smile echoes but with laden mist
Not for today's wind
Paper ruffles and scatters about in my dusty old room
Each grain of web pulls you in
Into it's dingy cave of scream and song
I laughed at myself but the rain hits loud
And in the catacombs of my brain they dance.

-Myth Otis

Flower Graves

I'll sit on the moon swinging
my feet million miles below
Little eyes look up amazed
Grief grows and gnaws and stays afloat
Little toes dance to the rain
Mountain tops bends to hold hands
grappling with pain Little ears only hear folklore
Breeze whines a strange tale of two
Little bellies dug in ground.
I'll think, think about you
Like the white lilies that'll pile up In little flower graves
I'll take care of you Watch over you.

-Myth Otis

Muffled

When they talk I can't hear them speak
They are ghastly-sheets of paper
Screeching and thrashing in my bone box
Flesh and blood had long dried
But I hear them still
Whispering my tales-fitting their hands
I am that woman who stood aloof
My river went by silent
No one dipped in me
My paper-boat long drowned
I am lost not dead.

-Myth Otis

A Path I Chose

I sat at the bottom of the long winding stairwell of life knowing fully well that I have nothing left to hold on to, to lose… I already lost myself to life itself.

Red eyes, heart teary and voice inaudible I looked up and saw darkness, at the end of which there was a little bubbly, chubby girl standing, eyes singing the song of life left for her to explore...

My legs didn't have the strength to stand up yet they did. Her smile urged me to go towards her, to hold her in my arms and play with her but as I took steps she grew up at first she became the beautiful everyone wanted to befriend, then the girl broken by never ending traumas inflicted on her and then the girl no one knew. Yet she stood straight with that smile to meet me to embrace me at the end of the darkness.

But when I finally stood in front of her, I saw not her but the defeated me, the broken lost me. She reached out to hold my hands, her hands warm and comforting against my tired cold ones, as she helped me step into the hallow to further walk with her

This journey from life to the unknown was not tough just toiling but peaceful for I had my own company till my last breath.

Fallen Angel

Your eyes were the brightest,
a shade of green under the dim light of the bunker.
A ghost of a smile on your lips,
you took a sip of the whiskey I poured.
They say you forgot to smile,
the fight is so goddamn hard.
Your glance took my breath away, I was a lover,
The weight on your shoulder lightened, the fight will end.
They say you have no hope, a hamster on a wheel.
Your courage made me strong,
I was a fallen angel.
Cared about the world, you deserved it.
Cheated on death, you needed me.
Changed for better maybe worse, you loved me.

-Myth Otis

Am I Alone?

Mosaic glasses adorned my hall,
the first time I saw myself full
Broken, sharded - halved and hazed.
I walk amuck kaleidoscope of heads
Hinting a part of me in every eye I find
A drunken slumber – a crooked high
Swam amongst sweaty boots and treacherous sighs
Peeling each layer finding no red,
All they see are stories to sell
All knights they return to my halls
Host of Puzzles left a little unsolved.

-Myth Otis

Words

Some words tumble out of our hearts, flow through our inks and get stored in pages of our notebooks.

With words I can soothe myself until the cage around my heart snaps as if it were made of thin fabric strands rather than rusting iron. With words I can paint myself a life I want to live in, a life that my heart craves for.

With words I can express the broken me and make it ready to endure each new day with same old incidents. My words backed me up with constant courage to face my life, they are as valuable as the print on the newspaper that is charring and burning in my heart.

How clear, and vivid and cruel are words! One could not escape from them. Mere words! Was there anything so real as words?

Myth Otis

Knit

I walk around the dust and earth
rounding up the memories I find.
They spill out from my pocket, my broken stars,
They cover the ground slitting the sighs I weave.
Shards of words they reach you in your dream,
a poem I compose for you to hide in,
Pain to keep and joy in heap,
and dance and cry and run abound
The songs we hear and chase unhaste
Trinkets of blue in grasses green
Golden we feel in imagination heal
Like the sea shall come and go,
my words they run they reach and leave.

Myth Otis

The Day I Cried

Let me tell you about the day I cried.

My tears like dew drops fell on the leaf that wrote to you,
stayed still until the dry papyrus of my will soaked it in
smudging the feelings along with the words I wrote.

With the scribble of my words, I reached the door of
afterlife cradling the wish to see you once more.

With the despot yearning to knock down
the wall of life that divides us;I kept walking,
walking till the end of the summer we met.

Myth Otis

Just Another Unfinished Fable

You are the misty rain of the winter hills while I am the lazy slumber of a summer afternoon. We fight against the voices that scream to tear us apart for we know; we are just another unfinished fable. You caress my curves worshiping my soul Your touch leaves an ache, the ache to scream your name out loud from the depths of my desire. But you muffle my moans with your kiss to hide us from the ears of strangers. They can't see you, they say you aren't real. You are just in my head. But I see you when alone, holding my hands.

The pristine wall melts away when you arrive. I step into a world of happiness. With a skip on my steps, I run on the soft meadows, jump into a waterfall, listen to the bees humming the hymn of freedom, birds racing the clouds while we go on an adventure – just you and me.

The pills they give can take you away no more, I learnt how to fight. So let's battle the demons for we are no more an unfinished fable, you are the me who lost itself in the crowd of torment that pushed back.

-Myth Otis

Worship

She sat there staring intently eyes dripping with reverence. Her eyes, they were like the damp soil in a summer afternoon, her hair shining like the first rays of sunshine cascading down her back touching her hips. Her pitied figure wrapped in a saree bent down to touch the feet of the unfinished Goddess.

I took a step towards her. My eyes, filled with unquenchable thirst for her, hands wanting to dip themselves in the depth of her body, heart wanting to see the dread replacing the reverence of her eyes, her hair ruffled and her saree out of my way. My imagination walked faster than my feet could. I saw the roughness of goosebumps, the chilled panic will cause, could feel the muffled protest, the trembling body of hers, could hear the loud lubb-dubb of her heart, could see her tear streaked face sitting on the bed after I'll finish ravaging her body, scattering her soul and breaking her into millions of pieces.

I halted behind her as she looked up and I dipped myself down and touched Maa's feet.

-Myth Otis

Lonely Flickers

The light flickered and dimed as a lone drop of wax slithered down the hardened wax – down the candle stick. The flickering stopped as it became bright and steady just to be out in a jiffy.

I plunged into the darkness. The sheath of whose protects me. I felt alone, alone as if the world beyond the darkness had melted into the void. It was utterly still, silent as a held breath. I stretched out my hand to feel your presence, but I touched the emptiness of my being. I felt a cold settle as it intensified until each breath seemed to freeze my lungs.

I sat there alone craving your presence, your voice. I saw my hold on this world weaken, as I waited for my light to blur and be put off.

-Myth Otis

Token of Remembrance

Why did the sudden rain remind me of your smile?
Was it you who rained your love for me?
Up in the heavens, did you miss me?

Why did the rain not touch my body, but my heart?
Was it you asking me to carry on?
Up in the heavens, did you look down at me crying?

Why did my wish seem hollow?
Was it you who denied granting it?
Up in the heavens, were you hurt?
Why am I crying, did I forget you?
Or was it you, drenched in my tears?

-Myth Otis

To you

As the darkness descends, she waited for her sun to rise.

Miles and continents apart yet united by the sun
and the moon.

-Myth Otis

Jigsaw

There were stars on the ground Among them she flew.
With Memories scattered about.
The sky was not kind
It danced with colors
But like a jigsaw puzzle they fit together.

-Myth Otis

A Tale of Light and Shadow

With the bursting of firecrackers Kolkata wakes up to it's Diwali, the festival of lights. The dingy roads gets dressed and brightens up like a thousand stars descended on earth. The sky welcomes a rainbow of pure lights as the fireworks cut through the black canvas of night, the stars behind are but a backdrop brought just for the occasion.

The shower of lights couldn't touch me, they are far away in the land of bliss, a land I let go off. They are but the symbols of my barren want of yours. In today's game of light and shadow, you are just a silhouette. A silhouette. whose hands I need like the surge of lights from the bursting crackers overhead. I hear your laughter in the echoes of the sound all around, reverberating through my soul.

I want to turn the pages, go back to the first Diwali I remember. It was your hand that I held while I bursted the first fire cracker. And it was the day I lost you, the hand which taught me how to hold the firecracker.

-Myth Otis

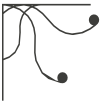
I love you

This twisted war, this push and the pull between the known and the unknown left me scorched, scorched to the roots of bondage, to the roots of friendship.

The roots of sisterhood was given a heart shattering jolt, was twisted and bent in the most savage way. It snapped into two. It kept on snapping into millions of shreds of thin fragile strings – strings which eventually broke into fragments unknown, leaving a part of it alive. As alive as a dead skeleton, carrying the other part blissfully away for future unknown. The living skeleton cries, bawls but never gets back the part torn away. The broken bond could never be mended.

I waited unaware for you to come back from the sterilized room I heard you screaming my name begging to be rescued. Unaware that I'll never see you again. The place where I thought I'll find you again remained vacant, remained silent. I kept on conversing with my imagination of yours. My imagination where you smiled, where you replied with a twinkle in your eyes. My imagination which halted by the words, "We couldn't save her".

-Myth Otis



Can’t Let You Go

Every time she looks back and flips through the frail pages of her memories, she stops only on those, she finds her. Those words, written gold.

Every time she finds herself crouching down back against the wall, hugging herself, she longs for her hug.

Every time she sees someone happy a silent sob of death punches through her body. Mind clouded with intense longing, she can’t let her best friend go.

And as the same girl, I write to let you know that
I need you back.

-Myth Otis

Death March

I stood there dumb as I saw her move past me in a wooden box we call coffin, I call the grave of my happiness.

Eyes filled with tears, I wanted to scream, let the world know that I died with her. Yet I had to control myself, keep my cool. I realized, how it feels to have feelings and emotions buried deep within oneself, slowly suffering.

The yearning to empty oneself, the feeling of desolation when you find yourself amongst many yet you are alone. To seek the only person who can provide you with the solace, the warmth you are deprived of. The unendurable torment in the heart as if it's flooding with emotions cannot be described.

You have a disease that you will slowly encroach and plunder your body, mind and soul leaving you shattered, and she was lowered six feet under the ground.

-Myth Otis

Lilies

The first drop was beautiful,

It was pure, glistened in the first rays of sun that
peeped from the horizon.

It summoned me in it's serene arm of warmth.

The sun was the darkest shade of orange painting the sky
with it's calming glow,

The drop walked forward taking with itself
a few ounces of myself with it,

I dipped myself into the feeling.
I didn't feel the sun on my skin.

My skin paler than the swaying lilies in
the wintery morning.

Took a step towards the ever welcoming arms of
darkness as I surrender.

-Myth Otis

Mine

It was weird knowing that everything I hold is but a mirage, something that doesn't exist anymore. Something, I don't have the right to call mine, something that's torn, shattered and erased. That something is something that
I do call mine.

It was happiness that was a mirage, it was sadness that was queer, it was love that was impure, it was anger that had no value, it was joy that was soiled and it was me who was marred by all of it.

It was myself that I was clutching so hard, it broke but what is it I'm still holding?

It is the thought of the unbroken me, the self that's still pure.

-Myth Otis

The Road So Far

Somewhere along this road that we walked together, I forgot I was with you, saw you walk into my heart – one smile at a time, one wink at a time, one touch at a time.

Path laid in front of us didn't matter as long as you were beside me, one lane at a time, one bridge at a time, one drive at a time.

Sometimes I dream of drifting away; alone on the ocean of nothingness, where miseries reign and guilt play free, where love never has a chance of stepping in, where I'll be alone waiting for your soft sighs and prayers to reach me.

The road travelled together became a story, a story I won't be there to see have a happy ending. A war I couldn't stand beside you to fight, a loss you bore alone without a hand to hold.

But I'm here my love, seeing you from up above, glancing at the horizon of your happy ending where I'll stand by your side with our family at last.

-Myth Otis

Memory Lane

She sat beside me, a curve plastered on her face,
one which stretched to her ears, but her eyes?
They weren't reciprocating.

She sat beside me with a stiff back, one which felt like
a punishment, but her figure?
It was marked.

She sat beside me, a sandwich in her hands, one which was
hidden under long sleeves, but her palms?
They had cigar burns.

She walks away… I go down memory lane.

-Myth Otis

Turning Back

I was grieving until one day I just wasn't anymore.

Turning back when I saw your face again it was a memory that brought a smile on my face.

It lighted a candle of hope so mighty that I was blinded and pushed into the abyss of darkness once again.

-Myth Otis

Mayhem

Through the desperation of life,
I seek comfort in thy madness.

Where the world melts and mind rests.
Where human ceases and mayhem begins.

-Myth Otis

A Muffler of Dreams

I can feel the waves of our memories crash at the harbor of my soul chipping parts away from it.

The muffler of dreams that we started knitting together you left for me to finish alone.

Nearing the mark of one year without you, it's like a brewing tornado of love and longing, I kept away, hidden from me, and it's about to break free from my cage of golden memories.

-Myth Otis

Burns OF Love

It was the morning after we buried her, the soft white snow covered the freshly dug soil of her grave as if covering the remnants of her scars.

The scars that were etched into my head like the scalding burns of the wispy fire that freed her soul.
I stepped inside the greenhouse where we fell in love kissed for the first time.

A daisy bloomed through the thin sheet of ice that covered the earth as if trying to prove she can survive.

I plucked it out crushing it between my fingers that lit the fire which killed her.

-Myth Otis

Heaven

How long did it take for you to say, you love me?
It was a lifetime.

Quivered under your unwavering eyes, you saw through me.

How did we end up here, buried in our past?

It was our doom. Tiptoed into your room,
you were waiting.

How much time do we have to hold each other?
It was death outside.

Tears rolled down my eyes, you disappeared.

How could I stop the pain, it pull me to hell?

It was all too familiar.

Creeped inside heaven, you kissed me.

-Myth Otis

End

Quietly as he steps inside the room, I stirred awake, his eyes shining brighter than the moon blanched garden where the Dahlias sway at the soft breeze.

I shrunk into the bed, softer than a supple bosom. The eyes had a maniacal lust unquenchable. I surrendered, over and over, for the punishment was sweet.

Yet the end a sweet escape.

-Myth Otis

Last Entry

With a thud and the squelch of muscles my mouth got filled with the warm metallic liquid I've always wanted to taste. I gulped hard. It filled my senses, and I craved for more. I couldn't stop until there was none left. But my body wasn't satisfied, until I realized I had in myself the thing I craved the most.

The headlines read, two bodies found, one bloody,
one without an ounce left.

-Myth Otis

Carolina's White Dress

Patchworks never quite sit right on my skin
Like the dots on the grass moving and wandering
Like the scars on her face creeping and crawling
It was perfect the first time
Seams blending with the beauty of the pristine walls
She felt ugly like a beast in disguise
Like the hairs all on her face
Like the wolf skin under their feet
It was glamour that brought her to the doorstep
The velvet of the peach that grew in her father's yard
She was precious in her hide
Like the tattooed scratches in her thighsLike the pulled down mahogany of his pride
It was soft to touch hard to point
The weaves of the veil a perfect blend for the red eyes
She was the queen for just the day
Like the runaway bay of cloves covered ground
Like the shards of the broken bottle
It wasn't so hard just a rope to the neck
The stories entwined lie on my skin a faithful girl lizzie
Carolina's dress, walk down the aisle plunge into the river
Gurgling blood and scarfed neck, a neckpiece to hide the words I'll spill.
Carolina's dress, It'11 be mine once I make up my mind.

-Myth Otis ·'

Smile

Smiling from ears to ears, her eyes were like shiny
black buttons.

No, they were like black holes,

Escaping her eyes were a punishment no one wanted.

Sweet sleep wasn't a mirage,
They make you forget the troubles of your life.

A bright future is it?

No, an even darker nightmare.

-Myth Otis

Wind bound

Cheerfully he gazed at me,
I gripped the handle tighter than I should.
My nails dug into my palm,
the glass shattered on the floor.
“He wasn’t supposed to smile!” where did he find a face?
“Won’t you wipe the blood?” where did he find a voice?
“He shouldn’t speak!” “He shouldn’t smile!”
“He isn’t right!”
“Mama, come let’s go! The wind howls, the blood calls!”

-Myth Otis

I’m Not Mine

Spread me like the ashes of your love;

Drink me like the age old wine in your cellar;

Smoke me like the cigars of your crime;

Kill me like the bird of your desire.

-Myth Otis

I'll Wait For You

Smile for the time we have, together isn't much;
But the time we had was great.
We smiled through tears, we knew we won't last.
We loved through the soft white glow,
the remnants of our sleep.
We touched the machine, it brought us together;
Smiling through the blurred vision, we knew we were lost.
We screamed in our dark rooms, the witness of our loss.
We touched our soul that was bound to die.
Cried through our smiling face, we knew we won't meet
This girl now sits alone hoping to hear a beep.

-Myth Otis

Simple Crimes

Hold my hand, jump with me.

Win the world, burn it down.

Smile at me, make her cry.

Cold floor, board the wall.

Creep at her, help her run.

Dark attic, smell the blood.

Gold hair, pin it up.

That pole, bent it down. Sirens heard, tie your shoe.

Gateway car, smudge the trail.

-Myth Otis

Summer Wrath

The summer evening was a painting waiting for its painter to embrace her in the canvas of his memories.

The painter, shattered by the loss of his art was burying himself in the abyss of something he swore never to touch.

The dimmed light of the sultry moon had covered his sin with its silver cloak like another hiding her killer son.

The brush slid from his hands for now the summer evening was no more a painting, a grotesque truth of the painter's past.

-Myth Otis

Lost Childhood

To my lost childhood,

Walking with a bag twice the size and weigh to four body was fun, for those days were filled with carefree laughter and big eyes. All we used to worry about was “What if we are late and the show starts!”

‘What if Oswald can’t start the stopped clock?”
“What if l miss Noddy?”

We were happy… grew up sad for we can’t find imagining ourselves going around distributing banana or chasing the ice cream truck with Oswald by our side.

We grew up to be afraid for we didn’t find our friend Noddy who would take us for adventures, we found the weight our bags reduce just to add weight to our heart. A heart that craves to stop the clock, go back, sit on the floor with eyes glued to the TV to see Tom chase Jerry and enjoy the grandness of Takeshi’s Castle.

Regards
An old friend of yours.

-Myth Otis

All Alone

Stop! I screamed,

Let me say goodbye.

No, he whispered,

That's a luxury you don't have.

Please! I begged,

She'll be all alone. Good.
He snickered, Life is better that way.

I know. I resigned,

Take me to the Darkness.

-Myth Otis

Outcry

Crawling out of my sanctuary,
a nightmare I never wanted to see.
Sunlight hurt my soul; it was dark to the core.
In the chill of the night, my freedom screams.
Stalking the graveyard, my friends weep.
Melody of life long gone, my enemies dance in mirth.
Daffodils burn on the epitaph, smoking the cigars of crime.
Sleep, a day dream of morning, a sweet escape to death.
“Sit upright”, the moon calls, tonight the hunting begins.

-Myth Otis

I Let You Go

When you can feel the heat of the sun no more,
know that I am the cold wind, know that I've set you free.

I gave you freedom,
let you walk free while I remain in shackles.

I gave you my happiness and welcomed the mirth of
darkness to dance around me like a hurricane.

I gave up my love,
let you feel it's hush while I endure the hatred.

I let you dance in rain while my body craves water.

I let you bloom while I wither away in this ceaseless pain
as I let you go.

-Myth Otis

Bad-Good Boy

Hated love story, sappy ending,
walking off into the sunset.

Never saw it for me.

Smelled beautiful flowers, winged butterflies,
green meadows.

Nature disgusted me.

Cinderella dress, pretty prince, blue eyes,
Never dreamt fairytales for me.

Prince Charming, damsel in distress,
sleeping beauty woke up after a kiss.

Never wanted a hug, affection stifled me, Hated couples
walking together, an ever after, a loving family.

Never felt the notion touch me.

Emerald eyes, hypnotic smile, leather jacket.

Never wanted anything more, just a bad boy for me.

-Myth Otis

Is is Time?

Smiling from my grave, I reached for life.
Is it time I wake? Do I want to? Is someone waiting?
No. The call for revenge woke me.

Get up from the bone box and worm bed.
Get up and cry with that toothy grin.
My slumber will end, where yours begin.

Bitches will reign when hoes will rise. Queens will cry when witches will burn. Daughters will die when mothers will sleep.

-Myth Otis

Stranger

I found myself standing on a heavy underbush of love that's creeping up on my heart while above there was the canopy of happy memories all untainted.
The sky blushed like the flushed cheeks of a newborn.
All around was the untamed wanton happiness that never did I experience before, reaching out to me to devour me as a tiny fragment of sadness.
But all was a delusion, a dream I never dreamt of before.
It was a good day, a day where no one expected anything.
I saw sunshine, I hadn't known for long.
It was the light of happiness staring at me, approaching me.
But a hand grip my heart, it was my companion, fear.
Heart racing trying to free itself from her grip for
the first time,
I crouched down in the shadows of my past waiting for someone to pull me up.
It's time, time to break free, hold the hands of the sunshine, and flee.

-Myth Otis

Who am I

When they said I wasn't who I am
I was afraid, am I wrong?
Am I supposed to be someone else?
Who was to decide?
You say you love me but-1 don't.
I am not loveable, I am a disgrace.
A heinous beast that prey on his own kind.
A cannibal, you might say-
1 love, I care, I feel.
You say this is wrong-But I say I am right.
I am human, I love human.
Be it you or someone not you.

-Myth Otis

Prize

Her hair, like the glistering stones at the waterfall
I imagined her.

Her gait, like the soft pattering of raindrops on the leaves
on the summer afternoon I found her.

Her laughter, like a thousand harps of Heaven,
I long to hear.

I tailed her for I couldn't show my face.
My face, like the burning house of silent deaths.
My gait, the drum beats at the gates of Hell.

I wait silently.
Her face, my gift.
Her eyes, my past.
Her birth, my prize.

-Myth Otis

Hush

Eerily she sat beside me, a soft whisper of a little girl,
She melted in my arms like cotton candy in water.

Calm washing over the deafening chorus of heaven,
a knell was struck;

A sound too familiar was heard,
the chirp of a lark tired with life.

The embrace of ice drifting over my lids,
Surrendering to the dark wasn't that hard.

-Myth Otis

Drenched in Blood

Still was the air she breathed in
Silent were the steps she took
Wild were the thoughts she stopped
Untamed was her grab
She drank the milk of poison Chilled was her laugh
And
Icy was her stare
She ruled the kingdom as it became barren.

-Myth Otis

Black

Crippling with fear,
she stepped forward It was dark.

It's slithery hands grasping at the slow streaks of light.

She was a ball of fire thrown out at the dark.

Don't expect her to fight,
She's a cry baby.

Snatched away from her sister's shadow,
She was a golden fleece.

Holding the hands of the cripple that bled black,
She stepped back in.

Her sister behind the bars, They rejoiced at her return.

-Myth Otis

Syrup of Life

Dark is what I all see Night is when I feel free
Black is my soul an empty carcass of dreams.
Death is my fiend and Summer is my goal.
I sip the syrup of life, a rhythm of peace
Blind is my identity and Winter is my destiny
I fancy the melody of happiness
A mirage for lifetime.

-Myth Otis

A throne to Inherit

Screaming and thrashing he plopped into the world.

All were burning, etching burns gracing the walls.

They stood there looking at the mass of skulls.

He wanted to laugh, jump, and dance in delight.

A throne of bones for him to inherit.

Calming rains for him to drink.

Mirth of life for him to sing.

-Myth Otis

Guest

Hush I hear you! It’s me, your friend.

When am I important? The history repeats itself

Shh they are near! He is your fiend!

They are prized? The future is dull!

Cry! Cry when your heart rejoices- Laugh when you bleed.

Life is boring, here join me.

Come visit my doorstep, Help me close this book.

-Myth Otis

Vague Truth

When the dawn breaks does your breath escape too?

When the foot falls does your heart do a little dance?

When the hands touch do you feel the hatred too?

When your eyes open are you horrified?

The price that each day costs, can it save my life?

Whispering gaits do they ever cease?

The noise that rings, can you make it stop?

Bring a life can you raise it right?

Lairs, we are, can we ever say the truth?

-MythOtis

I Tried

A wafting breeze broke my trance,
stood on the Cliffside.

Echoes all around I heard

Tired feet has no life left,
My body has a mind of its own

My car on the engine runs,
Smokes of lies fill my lungs.
If l step forward, do I go down?

Do I end up meeting you, did you reach out?

Life got days left, golden string still weaving.

I wake up on your doorstep –
Will you ever know my journey?

-MythOtis

Be Quiet Until

Turning of the lock announced Shh! He is back,
He shouldn't hear-Oh! Just my thoughts,
Clanging and tinkering in my head.

Ah! They are too loud-
My next door neighbors, Oh! Their laughter-
Don't they know he gets angry?
Eek! What will they do-
Bath in their own blood?

Myth Otis

Forever

Somewhere it's morning,
you are waiting for a small
hello that might be your last goodbye.

A silver ring in your neck dangles through my pain,

A tiny whisper of be happy, reminds you of
all the sadness we carried;
Somewhere a feather from a bird lands on our wintry page,
a warm hug waits for a night of snuggles,

A rusty quaint cottage of our autumnal memories – A long wait for our happy summer, one filled with laughter, with togetherness.

A pair of soft hands grips your finger, the first spring flower that finally bloomed, brings with itself-
A monsoon of dreams happy and tainted; Somewhere in your wishes I linger for the day we meet again.

-Myth Otis

Earthly Love

Crime was it? Did I change you? How does it matter?
I don't hate you!

It smells like fresh soil,
With bodies buried under it.

Wisps of fragrance wafting in-
Drunk on the perfume the world's dancing!

It wasn't a crime! My love was crippling.

-Myth Otis

The Waves

The seraphic waves kiss the shore Over and over,
Chipping away pieces of sand Again and again,
Returns little shells glistening in the salt Shiny and bright,
My toes buried, handful of grains
The sun drains my energy;
Spray of waves wash away my memories,
Hope of a new life blooms

-Myth Otis

Love Disgusts Me

Love is a pretty sickness they say-
I say, it's a drug stronger than heroine.

The needle that stays in only to fester the wound,
Little at a time it grows-

Creeping and polluting the senses,
To pull you to rot in its gooey hell.

It's a crime you commit-
Over and over and over again;
Never knowing when to stop.

Stopping? Was that an option?

Flying? How to when you fall?

-Myth Otis

Wife

Like rotten jiggery my life sits

In the far comer of my kitchen.

The fire burning cold and blue,
I stench of the sugary treat;
A dessert devoured at night

A vampire, he doesn't taste blood.

A lone drop falls on my plate-
The food is wasted.

The stink that's sweet to the core.

I gulp it down like water;
Festering the love that received Kills the one loved.

-Myth Otis

Royal Mask

The red flag waved splattering the color on me.
The smoldering heat of the afternoon sun bakes my mind

Ripe fruits of summer evening, fermented-
Wine sipped in the ballroom, eyes stares blank.

Purple masks never come off,-yours golden.
The regal dance left early;
The balcony stood upon the crime.

Dipped the white in golden red-
No one will know, no one will see.
I stood drenched in it.

-Myth Otis

Silent Lies

Tears rolled down her eyes,
They were salty to the wounds.
There was a story that screamed,
Her lips dry and broken.
Her whispers, red,
Screeching the truth she saw. Her eyes were mirror-
One with tales untold.
Her hands held the keys to The visage of life-
One that looks like a fable to death,
The breath we never saw.

-Myth Otis

Rain

Rain poured all around her,
It didn't touch her, not a bit.

She was an autumn leaf falling endlessly;
Her quest like the last page remained unfinished.

Fire burned all night long-
Unscathed she smiled.
She was a diamond unburned.
Her thirst, like the Jacobin waits for rain,
But she's dry like the womb left barren.

-Myth Otis

Devour

All around me are known faces, fearsome.
All around was a light that knew no bounds.

It felt alien, it felt calm;
Welcoming me in its arms of warmth.
All around me was the fear of letting go.

All around is a love unknown.
It felt strange, it felt clean;
Ushering me in its tunnel of mirth.

All around me is darkness, my friend.
All around was the loneliness I always knew.

-Myth Otis

Hello Stanger

Give! He smiled—it was a fleeting glance;
It left me speechless.

Had I been 10, that balloon would have
been enough to laugh.

I walked a bit more—
See! A whisper of touch made my heart skip a beat;
It left me wanting.

Had I been 15, that handsome boy would
have been enough to love.

I dragged on, path narrowing—
More! A euphoric screech pierced my ears;
It made me halt for a moment.

Had I been 25, that money would
have been enough to stop.

I trudged, path rugged—
Don't! A sad voice broke my heart;
It made me want to cry.

Had I been 40, that would have been enough
to make me hold her.

I crawled, no path left—

Goodbye! A silent exhale pulled me towards it;

It made me hold his hands.

Had I been 80, I would have slept beside him.

I'm eternal—take a step towards me.

-Myth Otis

Taste of your smile

There was a faint sweetness of the words I heard,
Like the age old wine rusting in my cellar.
The bitterness that makes you forget the one you felt;
The wine now reminds of my bleeding hand,
Like the one I bled when alone, forsaken.
The sour words we exchanged now wrecks me,
Like the candy you bought for Halloween.
Drunk on your memory, just a little faded.
The joy I felt when you cooked for my birthday-
Want to taste it just once more.

-Myth Otis

Dying Body

Drooping eyes held the truth to life,
Breath out the fire from the shackles you hold;
Cry the love, it needs space to walk-
Smile for the hate won't die.

Why? You ask me-Why not? She screams!
Why not the blood run dry? Why not the crime seep free?
Life it is, not a bed of joy-Sleep on my dying body.

-Myth Otis

Waning Grasp

In the corner shed stood;
Afraid and frail.

She was hard to touch;
Like a cotton ball, her soul is soft.

She falls like the dropping petals
Meteorite showers.

She reaches for a new beginning;
A mirage, it was a false dream.

Just like the little girl wished to hold;
I'm back to my days of waning grasp.

-Myth Otis

Remembrance

I remember it all,
The first glance, the smile, the hello.

Like the tinkle of the first rain, it washes the dirt off;
Wiping away with it-
The first fight, the quarrel, the hatred.

Like the dry leaves of an autumn evening, I break apart;
Fading again with it-
The happy dreams, the laughter, the craziness.

Like an old tree I stand, the roots of
dreams frail and fragile;
Taking the goodness from it-
The promise of not letting go, supporting,
the growing together.

Like a dead fish in the river I float,
I float with my own kind.

Alien from the known faces,
now a stranger to myself.

-Myth Otis

Dimming Light

My pen slid over the paper lit dimly by candle light.
The flickers played hide and seek with
the shadow of my words.
Who am I to stop the game?
Who am I to stall my pen?

Unwritten words seep out, lonely with each other.
They form a harmony, it shook our world.

They sang of sorrow, They shook our freedom,
And they sang the song of life.

I ask will they stay hidden? Or will they speak up?

Or will they march out Toppling the candles,
Burning the empire they never ruled?
The war never ends-
Write the stories of battle lost.

-Myth Otis

Plastic

I remember waking up -
The sound of your voice,
Music to our ears.

Holding back the laughter,
Figment of our memory,
Till one day we woke up,
Separated by plastic.

The sound of machine beeping-
Screams to my ears.

Holding back the tears,
Grasping at the passing moments

Whose to know?
When it'll be the last?

-Myth Otis

CityTowers

Did they think us pretty
On the while horse of the childhood city?

Crowding over the dusty tales,
They built a pillar higher than the towering Bable.

Muddy rains they drenched the boats
Of paper and wood forevermore-
Holding onto the dreams of Sunday morning.

Songs of today-oh, how we wake up crying.

-Myth Otis

Art

Her mud stained ball gown,
she is a runaway princess.

Her eyes, the indigo of the ocean wrath,
Her breath, the sweet melody of a lark,
Her hands, the work of Athena,
Her hair, Medusa's vengeance.

Like the dream of a dewy morning,
my canvas she crept in.

In art I captured her beauty,
With Death she danced in mirth.

-Myth Otis

A Weight

Exquisite was his robe,
the crown a halo glow Fierce was her gown,
the scepter a weapon slow.

Ruling was her right, following was his crime,
Together were they a storm, ravaging the broken hearts
Swaying the minds, they held the darkness inside
Their rage, the force of nature, a power to be fought with
Their vain holding them high.

Thrilling were their cries

-Myth Otis

Cruising Life

There we stood, broken like a chiseled glass wall,
Gluing ourselves to the past,
Holding the liquor too close to the lips.

There stood the sun, coaxing us toward
The unending lyrics of waves.

Shores moved, banks touched—hands not held.

Whispers heard, songs unsung, stories made.

Switching sides on a bunk bed,
We showed them how to climb the carcass,
Drawing the world for the hopeless.

—Myth Otis

Untouched

Gives a warm hug, it turns cold.

I sit like the untouched meal at the table.

Life never moves, I'm the clock stuck in time;
A tape not rolled, dusty and broken-
I scratch when played.

Unwind, I frill out like the beads of a broken necklace.

The other pair of my earrings missing,
Old and unworn, I weave on every crease of my linen.

Bothering every passerby for an ounce of food Take me, hold me!

I want in or I want out!

-Myth Otis

Pain Be Your Existence

The blood that dripped from her hand felt warm,
Warm as a steel rod.

The rain that fell from her eyes felt dirty,
Dirty as a human soul.

The smile that creeped from her eyes felt calm,
Calm as a mad man.

The houl that burst from her body felt mundane,
Mundane as a game of fate.

It was her castle that broke her worth,
Her love that punished her,
Her death that saved her.

-Myth Otis

Myling

It sounded like her crying.
I stepped into the room—
My second floor, a bloodbath.

Why can't you see it?
The world painted red!

The screech—incessant.
My sweet, sweet child calling me,
Grappling my arm—
Inhuman strength!

Oh, who is she?
Can my love save her?
Will her love kill me?

-Myth Otis

Play Ride

Hopping onto the Ferris wheel,
Never to stop the ride.

My foot got stuck to the ground.
Holding my breath, I stopped playing—
Plunging into the blurred lines of sanity.

Hoping to give up the charade,
Crying out my logic,
I dug my own grave of mayhem.

-Myth Otis

Drug

I saw you there, standing at the far corner of the room—
A drug I'm forbidden to touch.

Guess you are someone else's gamble now.
Remember the days we were the rulers?

My maiden hell, your bloody heaven.
I chose you over and over,
While you flipped through my pages—
Graffiti art, your name, my heart.

How dark were we for you to seek another?
Grasping at the breaking bridge—
If I jump, will you reach?

How was I to know falling would feel like freedom?
At what cost? My host was yours to keep.

-Myth Otis

The Wall

I stare at the wall, it's green in color,
It changes you know;
To blue, to purple, to red,
To oceans unknown, lakes to dip in To deserts vast,
icy terrain glistening. My world begin where the wall ends,
In a place I'm free-loved;
Where we meet – prejudices cease –
Where the rain, it drizzles makes a happy rhythm,
Where tears end and freedom scream.

-Myth Otis

A Letter From The Grave

The petunias fell on my lap;
covered myself with the moss from our past.

A simple breeze blew away my pages—
I scrambled to collect them.

Mountains of letters, unaddressed—
The sender's asleep.

My words flow like the stream from my eyes;
The smoke from my burning furnace
Reaches your altitude of fame.

Small thieves huddle together,
Planning the heist of my jewels.

Unknown to many, I lie bare under my messy room;
Your stench buried with my body.

Held onto the grave of memories—
They weren't good.

I slip away like the silk-clad cloud,
Soft in the golden days,
Breezing away the fine worries that you carried.

-Myth Otis

False Hue

His smile—a godly hue.
Twilight haze, calling my name.

I missed my voyage;
The ship's wrecked.

My feelings cry in
The ocean of distraction.

Weaving webs of fantasy,
Mind—a hellish maze.

Just a few more morsels of life,
My grey sky, golden.

I swam with the mistakes,
My past catching up—
Faster than the waves.

A little help—my body aches.
Reached the shore; last Morse gave out.

-Myth Otis

What if?

The tears didn't escape my eyes;
It's been too long—they've dried up.

All that's left behind is a gap.

Some days are better,
Yet some days are just like the one.

Maybe she'll find her way back to me,
Or maybe I'll find my way to her.

It's always a game of guess—
One where we both lost.

-Myth Otis

Primrose

Lay me down where the sun shines the brightest,
and birds dance to their hearts' mirth,

Where caterpillars turn into the prettiest of wings,
singing the melody of a small life.

Birth me where the soil is soft and rains never cease to fall,

Where the doe hops around dauntlessly,
unaware of the hunter ready to slay her short life.

Gift me a life full of innocence,
Where the fragrance of my soul lasts as long as
the primrose that grew in my garden tonight.

-Myth Otis

Spot

Life thrusts onto me
black drop falling endlessly,
All the crystalline joy passing me by.

She held onto each goodbye;
Never would they look back to stop.
I won't ever catch up.

She'll forever muck around,
Searching for my stable ground.

Other black drops like her wait
To create a universe so great.

All the darkness humming aloud,
Ruling all we ever found.

-Myth Otis

Blossom

The peonies wilted and
withered a somber tune on the graveyard.

The body lowered, battered and bruised,
she wore a lily gown.

“Ask her to cry”, her tears had long dried.
“Such a heartless wife”, she had none left.

The darkest of dahlias pulled her to itself,
a new story to unfold.

A silver of smile ghosted her face,
it hurts so much more.

A daffodil blooms in her heart,
a new quest for peace.

-Myth Otis

New Dream

Poems remained unfinished,
Never knew what to say.
Alone, I stood by the cliffside, looking grey.
Somehow, they knew the story ends today.
We'll wait for a new dawn,
Holding a dream—someday, I'll end.
The last page I'll write,
The eternal dream realized.

-Myth Otis

Stepping Out

And then the sunflower bloomed, and they thought the weeping days were over.

They stepped out onto the bright green carpet, as if nature were welcoming back its doom.

The school gates opened, and a few uniforms ran in. The building couldn't recognize half their faces. Two years were too long to remember. It felt the need to know them again.

But the uniforms were living in secrecy, breathing stealthily, afraid death might come knocking down the walls.

The formals were happy wearing half—the screen was too short for full—but now they feared the toil ahead and the never-ending crisp note struggle.

Will anyone think about the ones not there? The ones too comfortable—their secret affair—too far away to come back?

The world will never go back. Not to normal.

-Myth Otis

Round It Goes

My heart rolled down the stairs.

You were there to pick it up,
Patched it together to grow weed.

I fed it, hoping love would bloom,
Sat there—a daughter waiting for her father.

Wrapped myself in barbed wire,
To keep away the burglars.

Scratching my porcelain,
Chipping me off.

Shoved you away, unwrapped myself,
Threw my heart down the stairs.

-Myth Otis

Goodbye

Loving someone is delayed pain.

The crimson gave way to flaky blue,
The days—a tantalizing rush,
The nights—a drunken hue.

Puffs of smoke in the chilly morning air,
A train station I was not meant to stop at.

The flaming glow—a maddening rush,
A sleepy whiff reminded me of your touch.

Unspoken words clutched close,
Sailing away in the morning snow.

-Myth Otis

A Lie-A Lore

My yard—littered, fragments of stories unknown,
Taking to their grave tales untold.

Each blooming, little fair daisy,
Waiting for me to cage them in papers of ecstasy.

The fragrance speaks of a harrowing battle;
I pen the war a little.

Grief is a lie—is a lore,
Make peace with storms galore.

A blunt knife slices the strand,
Needles must prick the nicest of hands.

-Myth Otis

Ashes

Her eyes snapped open,
the sound a little loud for her fragile ears.

The sky lit up with flashes,
she could see a haunched figure as if praying.
“Mom?”, she piped.

Her lips moved, no words heard.

“Fireworks?”, she signed, the answer was yes.

They sat there at the window,
watching the sky on fire.

They watched till nothing was left.

Till all that remained were ashes in the air.

-Myth Otis

Last Drink

Midnight wispy smoke left his lips.
Crimson syrup—his hands still and stagnant.

The pungent wafts filled his lungs.
He sat here, waiting for their arrival.

For years, he sat, seeing their faces—
Pale as the white horse of their lives.

Whispering in their ears,
“One drink? Just one drink?”

-Myth Otis

Hymn of the soul

When your words are at play I sit back paralyzed
wondering if these were the words I fell in love with.

Every sound that escaped your mouth
tugged at my soul strings.

Making a hymn that could be heard with eyes closed.
I hear you today sitting back on the chair by your bed.

Oh what I hear is not your voice but
the resonance of your heart slowing down.

The mechanical beeps spoke volumes,
said that I'll lose you.

But your words charred me to ashes for the last thing
I heard was "I love you"

-Myth Otis

Hunger

Scars replaced my skin,
Graves replaced my ground.

They looked pretty,
They looked proud.

Hopped around the time—
Winning was a matter of crime.

Flaunting the body,
They all just smiled,
Holding a chalice of wine.

They dug their nails to dine.

-Myth Otis

Circus

Held on tight—a trampoline, my life.
The higher you jump, the lower you fall.

A game of trapeze—swing and sing,
Till your hands shake and bleed.

No one to hold, no one to catch.
A roll of dice—none will match.

The guessing quest—all in vain.
A firework display—the night, blinding.

A figment of imagination.
A good life.

-Myth Otis

Maybes

All the maybes in my head crowd
The carnival of stories, running around—

Like the tumbling letterbox of tenants missing.
The pigtailed girl—she is still running,

Door to door, her echoes burst,
Screaming and shouting the lyrics to her rhymes.

Words dance, never missing the chimes.
Your memories hide in the tents ahead—

Small feet can never reach.
Breathless and tired, she is still not dead.

The festival stays, forever raging.
Why will it end? We are never growing.

-Myth Otis

My Pain

In silence, we stay.
On balancing dreams, we swayed.

Nights were unending, love unsaid,
Hoping to see your back—not to me.

The thread that's pulled from the music one understood.
"Wait for me," at the rainbow splash, you stood.

But the rose glaze—I search in vain.
My golden glasses, they break.

In grey, I stood—our paper boat drenched,
Muttering your name, a perfect rhyme to my pain.

-Myth Otis

Peace

Peace is like that flapping twig of the tree hanging by
a tread eating the sap-never growing not dying.

-Myth Otis

A Song Unsung

I sang and sang the song that you liked,
Danced to the tune—deaf and blind.

All the while, it seemed
Holding your hands was all we'd need.

Growing wings were not meant to be.
Sleeping dragons wouldn't be there to defeat.

Smiling darkly through the maddening glow,
Holding my candle that lights too slow.

Tuning out the clamoring roar,
I was soaring along your shore.

You stopped shining—we were lost.
Stood there, a cripple—at what cost?

A new tree grew, large and strong.
You walked off with someone new—you belong.

The river flows, gurgling red.
Blood drains as you lay in bed.

-Myth Otis

Champagne Problems

It had been eight months since he had last seen her.

He had been down on his knees, begging,
“We can work it out, babe! Stay!”

“Stay...” he whispered now, adjusting his tux.

Today, he would see her again. She would be playing for her family and friends. It seemed they had invited him and his sister as well.

The hall was dressed in gold and black. She sat there—
a queen under the soft lights, gleaming just like
the very first day.

She was surprised. She hadn’t expected him.

Her eyes glazed over, like the lakes they used to drive past,
as she placed her fingers on the keys of her piano.

Champagne Problems starts playing.

-Myth Otis

Happiness

She sat on her bed. It was dirty, littered with pages.

It had been days since she last left her room.

She scribbled and scribbled,
hot tears dripping onto her diary.

She remembered the day
like it had happened just hours ago—
They stood in front of each other,
everyone cheering and dancing.

Her eyes were alight with excitement,
Breathing as fast as her heart was beating.

Then, it all stopped.

He stared at her—hopeless—telling her it was over.

It was their engagement night,
but they closed their chapter that day.

He was her happiness.

She wasn't his.

Happiness starts playing.

-Myth Otis

Divinity

Thunder pierced through my lonely yew.
She stood there—a goddess, new.

Crawling slow, hissing low,
She took me down with just a blow.

Fireworks sparked a thirst so grand,
She hooked on me like a dying pollard.

Drowning pain—heroin, her sacred name.
She was divine—the Holy Grail.

There I was, naked, no shame,
To dip in the Styx, to be insane.

-Myth Otis

Hold

And when she held my hand—a grip so holy,
We saw the stars burst—
The sky darkened, brighter than a thousand fireworks.

We soared. Worlds died. Empires fell.
Heavens broke loose—our days, our nights,
Months and eons collapsing into one.

The grip never marred, barriers crumbled.
Truth unbound, they danced all around.

Keys in our ignition stayed,
We flew through the mosaic world.
Our grip—we never could let go.

-Myth Otis

Right Where You Left Me

It was her first day at her new job. She had left her small town in search of something big—something beautiful.

This city proved nothing short.

She walked into the restaurant, nestled in a quiet corner of the street. She had about an hour to grab a bite before heading back to work.

Her eyes immediately landed on a woman—forty something, in black lipstick and a mini skirt—sitting by the big window, holding a glass of wine.

Before she could dwell on it, a waiter approached, quickly noticing her curiosity.

“It’s been 20 years,” he said. “She sits there for an hour or so every day.”

A quick “Why?” slipped from her lips before she even realized it.

“Well, you see, I’m new here too,” the waiter admitted, “but others say her husband ended their marriage right at that table.”

Right Where You Left Me starts playing.

-Myth Otis

Tale of Tales

There I was, standing on the banks, facing the river—
Tranquil and blue, the waves crashed at my feet,
Tugging my soul with them.

Here I am, hunched by the sea, facing the moon—
Harboring pain, tears flow down my cheeks,
Hurting my body as I weep.

Everywhere I run—into the wild ocean,
drowning in the heat—
Echoing my tale, I scream, I howl at the world.
Evermore shall I sleep.

-Myth Otis

Corner of my Heart

I stood there in front of the mirror from my childhood.
I see a disease—so infectious, it taints anyone I touch.

I suffer—not with them, but alone,in the corner of my heart.
It stays alive, watching everything through a hooded eye,
Waiting for the morsel that I feed.

Your hurt is what I feed.
That wicked smile.
That crooked look.
That vile touch.

I feed myself your name—
A pain on my lips, it stays, never dies.

The corner of my heart, ever bright, ever bleeding.
I'm drunk on the pain that I see.
My hazed vision. My hooped rope.

-Myth Otis

Wallpaper

I'll stay here—
The wallpaper you painted over.

Catching glimpses of your life
Every time you pass the corner.

Knocking over the glass—
The one we drank from that first night together.

I feel you punch through me
Every time you bring her round the corner.
Hold her close, read her the same story
You once told me over and over.

Maybe she won't hear me scream
Over your whispers—so cold.

You would find love strewn—
Run to gather.

She'll now stand beside me—body flushed and shy.
We'll both see a new us
Walking in your tomb of lies.

I dance to my heartbeat.

-Myth Otis

Pale Walk

Embrace Nature, You'll Find Peace!
Sunshine bleak, heat long gone.
I stood knee-deep in the heavens of tundra.

My only friend—my dog—tried and famished.
He will bite me, maybe.

"Close your eyes, smell the flowers!"
A dreamy dewdrop on my frail lilacs.

I fell face-down, biting my cold, chapped lips.
Who will dig my grave?
Who will save my dog?

I stayed right where I was,
Imagining the frosty lough.

Nature—a grave to my perfect fossil.
Death—a cold coffin.

-Myth Otis

Shattered world

Stood there motionless the world was in shambles.
I see images shattered all around my feet.

-Myth Otis

Twigs

Skid marks on paper—
The muse sat in the corner with her broken wings.
Rainbow frills made starlight dance on the desk.

The notebooks sang a jangle,
Humming softly the tale of a broken twig.
“It’s easy,” they whisper.
“Wake up,” they call.

Where do all twigs go in slumber—
Musing on the dreams they never see?

The grass on the pages—
They live.
Long they live to see empires rise.
Shades remove, women die, and men scream.

Twigs—they see all.
Deep in their sleep, they visit all—
Fairies and wraiths and men alike.

Twigs—they write with flowery sap and earthy sin.
They sing in a drunken haze

Till they grow and put down roots.

-Myth Otis

Shoes

My head on the footpath,
I looked at shoes—
Bright and black, and marred and torn.

I breathe in the smoke of every car that zooms by.
I wait for the first rain, snow, and hail.

Holding back a storm in me, I weep.
Your name—I weep in the colors of that little girl's dress,
In the gown of the pageant queen,
In the battered shirt of the man sitting on the far corner.

I dance with each first love,
Despair in each goodbye.

I wait and I look, waiting to be looked at.
Waiting for a start,
Waiting for me.

-Myth Otis

Cob-webs

There I lay, whispering with my mistress—dust and dirt.
Cobwebs protecting my woes.

Swish of a skirt, emerald green,
Blew a whimsical wind so sweet.

I opened my eyes to a face so bright,
Falling into pieces for her to gather.

She took me up, drank me in,
Stitched my limbs, breathed life in.

Scribbled nothings ‘dorn my arms,
Pages after pages, she dressed me up.

-Myth Otis

Grey

I loved him through my rainbow sunglasses.
I was drowning in your gleam—
So bright, so cold, so home.

He was a dreamy painting.
And when my sunglasses broke?
I realized we were grey.

Your name is the perfect rhyme to my sadness.

-Myth Otis

Casual

Your lips burnt into mine like the toaster does to bread.
You drop a tiny chunk of butter with casual ease,
Like touching my hand each morning.

Put on garments, fussing with the finishing touches,
Like feeling the ecstasy on our bed.

The keys of our door dance on your fingers,
Just like my eyes on your face.

Walk about the room, unhurriedly so.
Let's just sit and sing on the patio.

-Myth Otis

Days and Nights

The dreamy hamlet woke to the sweaty
heat and ice cream days.
The children run—unbothered sun.

I stood in rain as it floods my brain;
Run and run from tsunamis so strong,
Mammoth days and Poppins nights.

Who am I to blame—
The earth humming its anthem?

I stand, alien—known faces fearsome,
Repeated whispers asking me who I am.
Who I am?

-Myth Otis

Drooping Eyes

My eyes, dropping with every word and sigh.
Racing—my home is all I want to try.

It's been long, tiresome, and toll.
Haves and sighs and cries unbound,
Echoes in my head, hunting around.

Help me leave forever this heap—
Earth and soil and air are bars.
The prison cell, my body it guards.

Snakes and stones, there are so many bones,
Bodies buried not six feet deep.
I sit among dirt, try talking to them still.

They whisper, kind of slow,
Some words I'll never know.
I strum and hum, helping them in slumber.

-Myth Otis

Binds

Whispers of your name ghost my skin,
Bleeding and breaking memories I built.

It's been long, their voices forlorn.
There've been days my words never wake—
Weak glasses and whiskey nights.

Closer it felt to step away in crimes,
Nearer you feel as I bury and bind.

Chasing and running and screaming sirens,
I'll hold you down till I hunt you out.

-Myth Otis

Hers

One look at her, I realized I was hers—
Never to hold, never to be called her own.

My first heartbreak, a book for her,
My stories for her to read at leisure.

My friend—one for the fables,
One incomplete.

Am I dreaming, like the ink on Chinese porcelain?
Will I lose her, like my favorite rings?

She'll never be mine, like the kite unbound.
But memories—they are ours,
We'll make them for years to come or hours.

But like my old favorite song,
I'll remember her in glimpses and conversations—
For years to come or hours.

-Myth Otis

Coney Island

The whole house felt as if it were covered in police tape. She sat there, the morning air chilling the coffee long forgotten. Everything was peaceful, except for the muffled coughs from the bedroom—her husband was trying to hide his sobs.

The three-story house was always this quiet, but today, it was empty. A third footstep—forever missing.

Yesterday, she returned home, winning the Best Business Person award. Today, it sits somewhere in the room upstairs, alongside countless first-prize and quiz championship medals. A room they'll forever be afraid to step into.

Their son will arrive sometime today. He won't beg anymore to go to the amusement park on his birthday.

Today, he'll arrive in a box, nailed shut.

But maybe tomorrow, when he's everywhere, he'll know how sorry they are?

Coney Island starts playing

-Myth Otis

Elixir

The elixir was lying on my side still while I played with sudden. I heard Mama call me, "Agony! It's Time!" And I had to drink the elixir of life. My time of peace and silence ended as I was pushed to the grey time.

-Myth Otis

Silent Goodbye

Silent goodbyes were the only thing
For me to not believe.
There's a hope behind this closed, empty grief.

Down with the walls,
There's worlds to see.
The purple sunrise dances in glee,
But what is it that brings us back to false greed?

And our verses, in empty tread—
Hold on, don't fall.
Tomorrow, a new dawn.
Come back in waves,
See me—broken, a barren haze.

Don't you hate me, O lover?
Bring us back together,
Help me stand up high.
Look at each other—and cry!

I'll come back in waves,
Won't drop the golden thread.

-Myth Otis

Blue

The drum beats ceased, the lights flickered out.
I jumped in—pure hearts chorused loud.
The rhymes died in the birds' song hush,
I stayed back in the arc of green and dust.

The sea kissed slow, the fading blue hue—
A life of joy, a story never told.
Didn't look back—a Ferris wheel ride,
Down the cliff into the old stories they told.

-Myth Otis

Eyes Have It

Tears rolled down her eyes—
They were salty to the wounds.
There was a story that screamed,
Her lips dry and broken.

Her whispers, red,
Screeching the truth she saw.
Her eyes were mirrors,
Ones with tales untold.
Her hands held the keys
To the visage of life—
One that looks like a fable to death,
The breath we never saw.

-Myth Otis

Just for a minute

Hold my aching heart— it's cold.
I'm standing underneath
A sky colder than winter.

Quietly call me— who's hurting?
My name, no matter how.
Defying the everlasting, and just for a day—
No, even if it's for a minute.

If it's possible, I'll endure it.
If, at the end of my wait, you are standing.
Memories of you were like a painting,
A day like the present— I was longing for...

-Myth Otis

Turning back

I was grieving— until one day,
I just wasn't anymore.

Turning back, when I saw your face again,
it was a memory that brought a smile to my face.

It lit a candle of hope so mighty that I was blinded—
and pushed into the abyss of darkness once again.

-Myth Otis

Journey End

Droplets outside the glass reminded me
of the dewy morning—
We walked together into the bakery at the end of our street.
They slid down slowly, gathering others with themselves—
Just like your hands gathering my fingers, piecing us
together.

The soft song from the jukebox repeated our first words—
Back when taxis were our journey's end,
our first rendezvous.
The neon lights that garnished the walls flickered off—
The jukebox stopped, people faded back into the city lights.

I hold my cane tight, walk up the stairs—
Soft sobs from our grandchildren filter into my ears.
I was left alone with it all—
Never again your food,
Never again your toothless grin.

-Myth Otis

Last Memory

I'll visit you in our photo albums each day,
Watch your memory fade from the lips.
Never imagined our last day—it's forever etched.

Soothing tales of childhood home,
Why did you ever grow up?
We could've had a lifetime of fun.
Elementary school and lunch boxes shared—
You had sisters, but we were
Something nobody ever understood.

But now,
There are texts unsent, piling in your phone unchecked,
Twirling in our prom gowns, long forgotten.
Weather changes—you don't, ever young, smiling in glee.
Never planned out a life without your voice,
Holding you close while we wept on the floor,
Hoping to never leave you any day.

How did we end up here and alone?
Here's to the never-ending flashbacks and faraway gazes.
I will visit you in my memories each day,
Holding your hands in past and present.

Never will I leave you again—
Haunted will my dreams be every day.

-Myth Otis

Erased Touches

The fields were yellow.
The greens danced in specks of youth,
Waiting not much for their fading days.
Dirt and dust crept about their bodies,
Smiling through their journey.
They never complained about their waning sun.

Clouds filled with dew kissed their faces,
Graces of childhood touched the beneath of pebbled tires.
They zoom by with machine parts screeching.

Kindness left long back,
Their baggage a little too heavy for humans to bear.
Trees now droop down, waiting,
Longing for touches they have to erase.

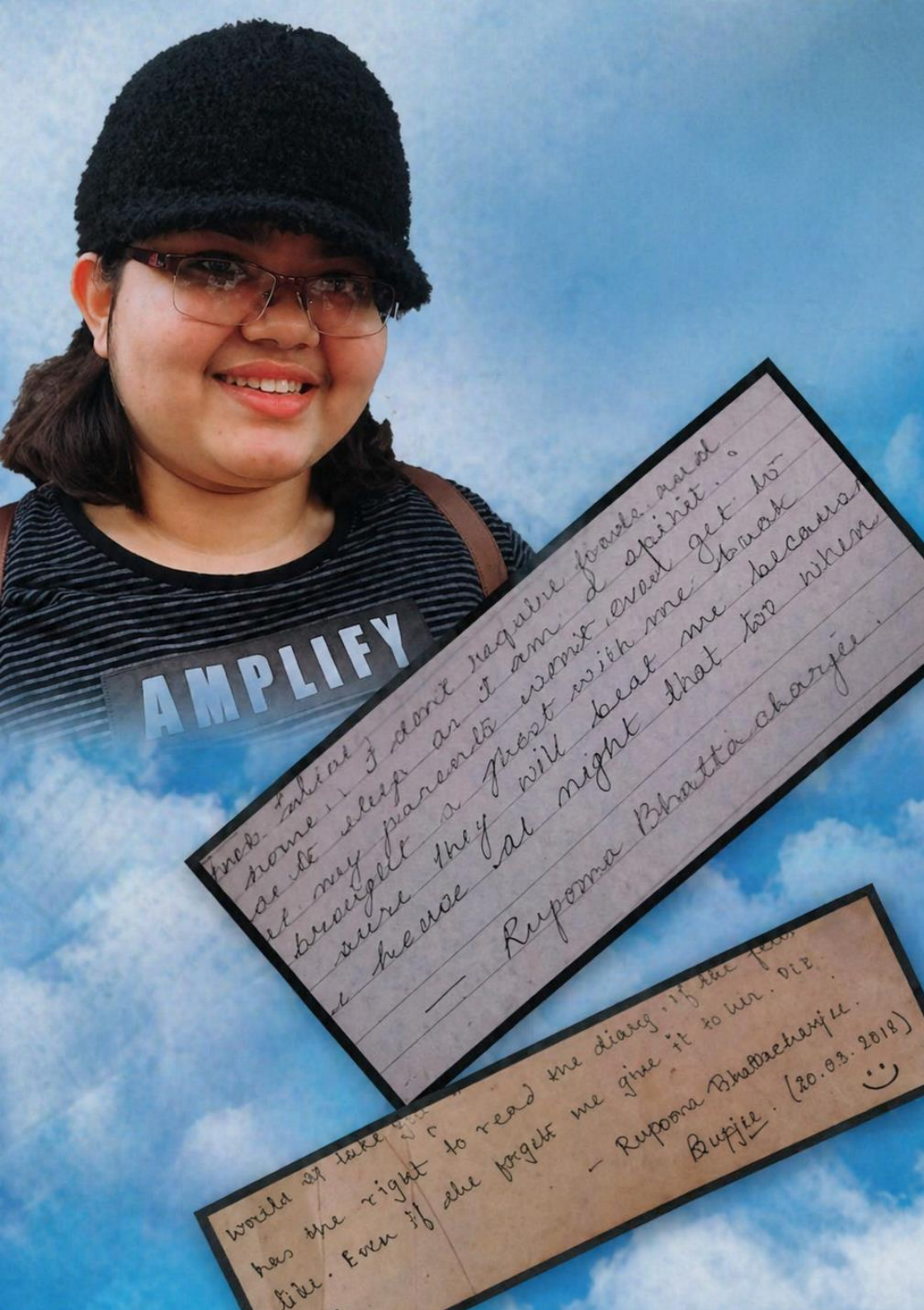
-Myth Otis

Rupoma Bhattacharjee
(Myth Otis)
29.06.2001 - 27.05.2022

Wish

One Lonely amber flew, flew higher than the others I wondered if that was me Trying to fly higher reach the altitudes other can't.

-Myth Otis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would it take
has the right to read the diary. If she
like. Even if she forget me give it to us. Die.
— Rupsona Bhattacharjee.
Bustee. (20.03.2018)